Stanzas

On parting with a Sister.

1.

Oh weep not thus, though now we part,
Nor swell with sighs that troubled breast;
For every tear but rends a heart,
That ever is but ill at rest.!

2.

Oh weep not thus! we'll meet again,
When, if a tear but gem that cheek,
'Twill speak a feeling free from pain,
Too full of joy for tongue to speak.

3

Though envious seas between us roll,
Our hearts will still united be;
Here love alone can hold my soul,
And life must cease with love of thee.

4.

And though life's storm assail thee now
The time will come when angry Fate
Must veil the Vengeance of his brow,
And we may smile who wept so late

Love

could Raphael's hand pourtray the form of Love?
Oh no! The hand of God alone can paint
His matchless unimaginable form.
A Painter or a Poet might thus far
Trace out his beauty:— A bright figure reaching
From Earth to Heaven;— Viewless his feet— his head
So scant-perceived as seemingly to melt
Into the clear blue sky;— his beauteous wings,
Of light more various,— brighter than the rainbow;—
Their spread too wide for compass of the eye
At one particular View;— Seen in the East
At Sunrise, like a blushing bed of roses;—
Peering o'er head at noon they are descried
Dazzling the air with brightness;— and at evening
Behold them resting on the western hill,—
Then lose them in the soft-complexioned clouds,
That linger in the Sky at that still hour,
When the tired sun, in mortal fancy, sinks
To hushed repose — and ocean = couched doth close
His sleep-persuaded eyelids — lulled by soft sounds
The far-off music of the murmuring wave,

So silent-flowing that the ear of day
Cannot drink in its silver melody;
Soothed by a Spirit's breath, it almost seems,
The waters sleep upon their smooth-washed sands.

Such might Loves form unworthily be sketched:
But who can even imagine to himself
The inexpressive beauties of his mind,
Which with his heart in sweetest union blends,—
All heavenly light, unearthly purity!
With so much warmth as Angels only know,
Agenial kindliness that widens ever,—
Even as the eager-spreading Vine puts forth
Her soft-insinuating arms, and gently creeps,—
Noiseless as night, still as the breathing morn,—
O'er all the parent-wall + clustering the grapes
In fullest-plenty and luxuriance:
Thus creeps the gentle influence of Love
O'er the whole Earth, and hangs its clustering fruit
Over the world's wide heart, which oft alas!
Is all-unconscious as the grape-hung wall.

B

Childhood

O blessed vision! happy child!

Wordsworth

1

I would I were a child again!
In sweet gay-hearted innocence
My thought was clear, undulled by pain;—
My weakness was a Providence *

2

Our Infancy flows on,— a dream
Our Being is unconsciousness;
Like some delightful sparkling Stream
Rippling with seeming carelessness.

3

In childhood's peaceful, pleasant scene,
When everything around me smiled,
Wandering amid the meadows green,
Remembrance paints a thoughtful child.

4

Even then I felt some mighty Power
Dwelt viewless in the silent air,—
Gave beauty, fragrance to the flower,
And made the fields so very fair.

---

* Heaven lies about us in our infancy. Wordsworth.

And

14

5

And every flower was then a flower

In all my views of man and nature;
Secure lived', nor feared the hour
When Care should sadden every feature.

6

Deep thought now darkens o'er my brow;
Anxiety disturbs my breast;
My heart is heavy; — sorrow now
Usurps the infant-seat of Rest.

7

But when I was an artless child,
My hopes as bright as beads I strung;
My thoughts were their own light; I smiled,
— And o'er the sweet delusion hung.

8

How oft, when wandering in the fields,
Well-pleased I was, yet knew not why;
Such joys to childhood nature yields,
Such feelings to simplicity.

9

I've stretched my limbs beneath an Oak
To shield me with the shade it cast;
Nor dreamed that the strong woodman's stroke
Would fell it to the ground at last.

A

10

A Child, I had no distant fears –
The present was time's only measure; –
All bliss – save when few April tears
A moment overflooded Pleasure.

11

I would I were a child again,
In sweet gay-hearted innocence,
When thought was clear, undulled by Pain –
When weakness was a Providence.

B

~~* Heaven lies about us in our infancy~~
~~Wordsworth~~

Poor Tom is gone, & I be left
Of all my earthly joys bereft
We buried be
Beneath this tree
The Doctors came Lord bless his eyes
And stole him for a Natomie

Farewell.

No mortal tongue can tell the grief,—
The grief of losing all we love;
The pangs of death were sweet relief;
They waft the Soul to realms above:
But this consigns to living death
The victim of corroding Care,
Whose every sigh, whose every breath,
But bids the heart to dark despair.

2

Oh! let this throbbing bosom say—
Oh! let this breaking heart reveal—
Half-stifled sighs,—let them betray;
How much I love, how deep I feel:
The rushing tears now dim my eyes;
My grief, my love I cannot quell;
Farewell Thou all on earth I prize
My Loveliest—dearest! Fare thee well!

B

Stanzas.

1

Thine absence wrings my aching heart,
And shrouds my soul in night;
And grief and anguish take their part
To chase away the light:
While memory brings thy form to view,
And fondest love makes every hue
More vivid and more bright:—
Remembrance, Fancy, Feeling, — vie,
The which can draw the deepest sigh

2

I plunge into the heartless crowd
To check the hurrying tear;—
Wildly, madly, laugh aloud,
And joyful aspect wear;—
And (ah! how vain!) I drench the bowl
To sooth the anguish of my soul,
But sorrow's seat is there—
Who sacred holds her silent Shrine
In midst of mirth and joy and wine.

Away – away! – with wine and glee
My feelings are abwar;
They rise, they set, sweet Love, with thee,
My morn, my evening star!
Oh! dearest, loveliest of thy kind,
Thou'rt ever present to my mind,
Tho' thou art distant far;
But what are long, long leagues to Love
Whose thoughts fly swifter than the Dove?

4

Oh! I will hold thine imaged form
For ever to my breast;
There it can raise fierce passions storm
Or lull me into rest:
I'll hold thee ever in my heart –
No, we will never, never part,
But in each other blest,
By mutual love and fondness warmed,
Glide down life's ruffled stream unharmed.

5.

Alas! my Hopes! — why flag your wings?
Oh! they are wet with tears!
While doubt his deadening influence flings,
And shadows me with fears:
Love makes me but the sport of sorrow,
Who hangs her cloud o'er every morrow,
And blackens all my years; —
Then I will weep — 'tis sweet relief —
Love's tears are Luxury of Grief.

6.

Yet, yet to thee my soul will cleave —
To thee my lips will breathe; —
Thou never canst my memory leave,
Until I sink beneath
The turf so gloomy, yet so green —
But there, even there, will thou be seen
To throw a light on death; —
The thought of thee before my doom
Will spring a flower to deck my tomb.

To Poesy.

Sweet Poesy! Who in the fairy-web
Well formed of Fancy,— and with feeling cou
Amid the smiles and tears
Of Sensibility!

Oh come! and bring thy sister, Contemplation!
Now nature scarcely seems to draw her breath,
The whispering wing of Thought
Just breaks the still repose.

So-night, the shadowy spectre of the day,
Invites thee, Poesy, thou pensive maid,
Through her dark airy form
To gaze upon the Heavens.

The gorgeous, golden mantle of the Sun,
By its excess of light, Extinguishes
Those gems of fire, the Stars,
Bright twinkling eyes of darkness.

Now silver Cynthia floats along the sky,
Encompassed by her kindred train of Stars, —
As swims upon a lake
The swan amid her offspring.
These, Posy, are thine to contemplate,
When grey-eyed Evening smiles away the light,
That melts into the west
At telling of the sun.
The Zephyr's breathing wings are soft, sweet-maid,
As thy own gentle bosom, and will waft
Thy thoughts into the heaven,
Or sigh with thee below.

The God of Sleep and silence now prevails;
And commerce shuts her heavy, greedy wing:
The world's a troubled stream by day,
In whose rough surge man's lost.

The waves now slumber in a soft repose;
The whirlwind vexes not their flexile breast:
Now let me pause and think
On life at this calm hour.

'Tis silence deep as death: Oh! now, my heart
In freedom gush with feeling through my eyes
The moon shines through my tears
Like Iris through the storm.

But soon, Oh Queen of night! thy pensive beams
Which shed a sympathising paleness o'er
This cheek, now blanched with woe
Will sleep upon my grave.

And thy wan light will dapple the dark shade
And tip with silver the long bending grass
Which waves with every gust,
That sobs above my tomb.

Then

Then shall I truly sleep the sleep of Peace:
For grief will rest with me beneath the turf,
And disappointments shafts
Fall dead on my cold heart.

Thoughyoung. Care blasts the rose-bud of my spring,
Ere it can ope its lips to breath life's summer.
But youth's a dream, that fills
The heart with sickening hopes,—

And as the billow swelling mountain-high,
Flashing and sparkling in the noontide sun,
Sinks down into the dark,
Deep weltering waves below.

The world is one wide scene of heartlessness:
Affections burning in the breast of youth,
Are withered by deceit,
Or mocked by disappointment

The

The heart of man is like a monument
Of smoothest marble, upon whose pale front
Is graved a feigned sorrow,
As if the stone could feel.

Thus man affects – not feels, – Then what is death
To such cold-heartedness? Death stops the life-stre
Struggling through the veins,
And lays it in the grave
How white, yet still is snow, the glittering sunbea
That dance upon its bosom, but display
Like light of life on man,
The paleness of the Tomb.

Hail! Death incensate! on thine Ebon bro
Wrapt round with dusky clouds of darkness, s
Eyeless Oblivion,
Solemn Stillness, – Peace!

The

The lightning flashes from the blackest cloud;
Eternal Morn beams from the cavern gloom
Of Death's deep night of darkness:
Thus Life is death, — Death, life.

But see the morning-star, the day's bright herald,
Hath oped her eye, and slicks her silver locks ⁂
To hail the rising sun;
Sweet Poesy! adieu!

B

⁂ She sits on diamond rocks,
Slicking her soft alluring locks.
Comus

A Fragment.

We cannot feel one Earthly joy
Without a Sorrow's dark alloy:
Yet o'er Grief's billow hovering
There ever is an Angel's wing
That flings a light upon the wave,
That fires the heart, and ~~lives~~ shines to save.
Did not the same bright spirit move
O'er Chaos' deep — the all-creating love?
Though man's fallen State is hemmed around with Ca
'Tis not the deathy darkness of despair.
In life the shade is ever mixed with light;
The eye of Day is closed awhile in Night;
The morn upon our gladdened spirit springs
With heart all life-refreshed with dew her wings:
Thus human happiness must set awhile
In Sorrow's night, that we may feel her smile,
When she returns with dimples in her cheek,
To give whose sweetness words, nay Thought were weak.

The Sister's Lament.

What! must thy worn-out life-strings break-not bend-
And art thou gone, my brother, more than friend?
Oh! how I watched the pale, pale hue of death,
When winged to Heaven thy soul on thy last breath,
Seal'd o'er thy fading features, blanch'd thy cheek,
And by its very silence stronger spoke:
I saw thy labouring life-blood feebly play,
Then melt like evening's lingering light away.
Yes, brother, yes! thy sun of life hath shone
And left - Oh God! me helpless and alone!

There needs no sculptured marble for thy tomb,-
Its polished hardness will but mock the gloom;
Thy name is graven deep in this soft breast —
Without, no sign of woe, within, no rest;
There flows the dark, low-murmuring stream of grief,
And heaves its billows vainly for relief;

There

There memory's hand will every hour renew
Thy cherished image to my souls fond view.

How oft in dreams these lone arms will embrace
Thy shadowed form, and weep o'er thy wan face
As surely to my slumbering thoughts thou'lt cling
As o'er my eyes Sleep waves his weary wing:
And oft will wakeful Fancy shoot her rays
Athwart my mind, and thou will meet my gaze
Then shall I spring to clasp thee to my breast,
And bid thee hush this throbbing heart to rest;—
While present joy shines dimly through my tears
As they tongue's music trembles in my Ears.

Away such thoughts,— awaken, memory!
And teach my breast to bear reality
For I must tread this weary world alone
Since thou, my dearest brother, thou art gone!

Destruction sweeps in ruin all around;
The leaves of autumn strew the yellow ground;
And the loud yell of winter's shrieking blast
Speaks horror present, smiling pleasure past.
Even nature's self seems piteous of my fate,
And mourns my grief, but mourns, alas! too late
For all thy leaves of life are fallen away
Oh Brother! and are mouldering in decay;
Yet blessed thought! methinks I view thy spring
With flowers of bliss Eternal blossoming:
The leaves of thy existence now are seen
To live again, a fresher, brighter green:
Yes — Hope now stills the beating of my brain
And whispers, brother, "we shall meet again."!

Nor is this Fancy: — God who walks the wind,
Can never to his creatures prove unkind;

And present griefs our anguish'd bosoms by
For one great final bliss — Eternity.

Maria.

B.

Even sickness has its sources of fervent enjoyment
there is no place like the sick chamber for
proving the worth & the affection of those
whom we delight to gild with every sensibility
& to gift with every virtue

Jeannie Halliday

Transports of grief, like those transports of joy
are beyond human Power long to sustain;
they exhaust both body and mind too much
for continuance; but they are too often replaced
by an inward & eating sorrow, which, if it does
not destroy life itself, strips life of all its
enjoyments, and the heart of all its
capacities of enjoyment.

Jeannie Halliday by
Mrs Porter.

An Inscription

'Tis gone! no more this weeping Eye
Can linger on the scene —
'Tis painted by my memory
In colours fresh and green; —
Her pencil gives the picture breath; —
It lives upon my heart; — and Death
Shall blow his withering blast in vain; —
It cannot die — it cannot fade —
No power can wrap its light in shade —
The scene returns in flushes on my brain.

Oh! how my recollection clings
To that celestial night; —
Nay — now even my imaginings
Make melancholy light.
Remembrance clears the shades away
They fly before affection's ray;
The heavy heart is soothed awhile;

A veil is flung o'er sorrow's throne,
The veil of hushed oblivion, —
That Love may look with an unclouded smile

Bright beauty walked the heavens that night;
Eve's lamp of silver sheen
Weaned with the stars her pale clear light;
The moon above did lean,
And looked with more than tenderness,
The very self of Gentleness!
As if her beams shed o'er the earth,
Were the effusion from her soul,
And that she fondly loved to roll,
And gem the light which from herself had birth

That night now stars the storm of life,
And smiles away its sorrow:
Oh! what were this dark road of strife
Were dark each coming morrow —

If Memory did not bind her wreath
Round Life's few hours of bliss, and breathe
The Deathless incense of the skies.

Oh! what were this short span of years,
But one continuous vale of tears,
Of Sorrow's tears, without her sympathies.

B.

To my dear Friend James Rice on his birthday

A restless wheel, that rolls amid dark waters,
A few times flashes in the noontide sun,
And whitens the black bosom of a wave,
Else wrapt in darkness: Thus, my Friend is Life
A wheel for ever turning amid change,
And blackening in its course – yet varying
With transient bursts of light that dazzle sorrow,
And chase it to oblivion. Dear James!
Remembrance stamps this day, a day of heart, –
Transport subdued to serious joy; – for Time
Now reckons o'er the years of thy subjection
To his all-changeful sway; – Time that beats down
And shadows with his baleful iron wing
All sublunary things: – But He will drop,
Along with us, into that fathomless gulph,
From which, with man, he sprung – Eternity!
And, unregarded, mingle with the stream:
Whilst we, my dear, dear Friend shall float
upon its waves,

A crown of light around our heads, while Peace
Sits softly at our hearts, — the memory
Of clouds and storms on Earth, not less than Love
And pure affection, shall illume the torch
Of calm Enjoyment, heavenly composure
And, above all, shall Friendship and True Love
Of heart and eye unsullied by a world
Of grovelling self-interest, — sooth our fond souls
With all refinement of our mortal bliss —
A kindness that shall be our very soul —
Our sense of Being, — a dear communion,
Not acting like a throbbing sympathy
Of earthly hearts, — a calm composed feeling
Of Love to each — a deep indwelling power
To turn affections stream without an effort
Into the other's bosom — and thus become
One heart — one soul — one sense!

These are the thoughts,
That this day fill thy friends o'er-swelling bosom

which

Which Time will but confirm and bind more strong
About his faithful heart. — Farewell!

B. London. August 10. 1815

That anely star, that anely star
Nae ither noo, shall ithers teach me;
When thou & I are sundered far,
On that lane star my heart shall reach thee.

And when at tearfu' hour o' night,
That beauteous star appears to bless me;
I'll feel thy spirit in its light,
And wi' sic blissfu' thought possess thee!

Whilst youth continues, real beauty may change its character, from the effect of grief or sickness but it only changes its mode of power over the eye and soul.

Tales round a winter hearth by
the Miss Porters.

Stanzas.

Written on the birth day of my dear Friend John Hamilton Reynolds, when he came of age, and addressed to his family, he being absent.

1

Though sorrow and unfeeling strife
On virtuous hearts in envy prey,
And are the slow, sad wheels of life
That drag us on from day to day,
Yet Heaven in pity to our lot,
Softly illumes the darkened doom,
And some delicious sunny spot
Chases away the bosoms gloom.

2.

So glistens the enthusiast's eye
Expectant of morn's rosy light,
When twilight shadows break and fly
The sun starts up and all is bright!
With solemn wonder mute he stands
Upon the golden mountain-top-

Silent

Silent adores with upliftt hands
The spring of light and life and Hope.

3

This day within the parents tears
Reflected beams of happiness
Speak silently of many years
Gone by + Oh! be the future less
Of apprehension! — Let Hope rise
To glad the parent, — sister breast
And tint the cloud of life with dyes
Like those that couch the day in rest!

4

It is the blessing of true hearts —
(A blessing surely born in Heaven.)
That absence stronger love imparts
To souls to whom Affections given
What though the space of many a mile
Between us now may intervene
It makes our fondest wishes smile
To see Truth's beames still fresh and green.

5.

No fiction of a poets brain
No flight of Fancy's fairy wing
No earth-born bubble light and vain,
No wish of sick imagining—
Dictate these lines: But I would tell,
Were not my heart too full to speak—
Yes I would say how dear, how well
I love him,— but my words are weak.

6.

Enough—: my friends, whilst I have life
I shall not—no— unfaithful be;
Let sorrow and unfeeling strife
Break on our heads in misery;
On life our hopes shall ne'er depend,
But trustful let us live in faith;—
All earthly things will change, must end,
But Friendship is confirmed by Death

London September 9. 1815.

B

To my Friend James Rice
with a Ring.

When e'er, my Friend, thou look'st upon this Ring
Let Memory bear upon her steady wing
One absent, who so holds thee in his heart
That envious distance vainly bids us part;
For Friendship firmly joined our willing hands, &
And young sincerity secured the bands.
Hence let suspicion from our minds be hurl'd
Her ware is vice — her mart is in the world, —
To each in life we'll give the kindred breath
And cling the closer when we're ~~linked~~ link'd by death

August 1814

B

1

Mine Eye hath loved one pale bright star,
And seen a world of rapture init;
And as I gazed, its light from far
Came nearer to my soul each minute;
Till to my charmed sense it shone,
As if the light were all my own.

2

Thus have I fixed my inward eye
On one sweet star set high in heaven
Fair Virtue's Heaven! and till I die
Each hour will added light be given:
In death 'twill yet more clearly shine
Ah then it will be wholly mine

B

Harpford Wood, Devon.

There is a lonely and sequestered spot,
Where Nature strives even to excell herself—
A wood,— whose bosom from the neighbouring hill,
Like the green sea just ruffled, seems to woo
A murmuring kiss from every breeze; and joys
Just like a wild bird, flutters mid the trees,
Whose clustering tresses brighten, and the boughs
With instantaneous extacy wave wide
Their outspread arms' ǒer-arching, and admit
The insinuating whisper of the air.
Here dallying sunbeams love awhile to lie,
And glitter on the leaves, whose verdant breasts
They silver ǒer with gladness, till a cloud

Its envious shadow spreads across the sun,
And frowns upon the wood with darkening brow

Embosomed in the centre of this wood
A peasants cot lifts up its humble head,
Where laughing nature hurries on the hours,
And bears away the soul upon her wings.
Here sweetest fragrance loads the wood land air:
The gadding honeysuckle rambles on,
And peeps from out the thorn: and the wild rose
*With ruddy morning blushes, but at eve
Impressive paleness eyes the setting sun,
Even as the primrose pale, which strives to hide
Among the modest Violets its cheek

of

* I have adopted this poetical fiction to describe the two sorts of roses, the pink and the white, which beautifully variegate the hedges in Devonshire

Of maiden coyness: while the ivy clasps
Its parent stem in folds of brightest green,
And winningly creeps up, and only stays
Beneath its shaggy brow, that seems to nod
Majestical approval of its love;
Thus doth a fondling child look up and smile
With sweetest love into its parent's face.

Next gaze on wildest knolls, whose tops are crowned
With mountain-ash, and lofty elms and beech;
While deep beneath is scooped the darkened dell
Close set with branching trees of every kind—
The spreading Oak that casts a sober shade,
The sweet white thorn amid the thickening briars,
And myrtles smiling peace upon the scene.

Hear babbling brooks, that o'er their pebbly beds,
Like courtiers murmur at their shining lot;
And restless woo as vain kind "nature's nurse";
The cheerful birds that sing on every spray,
And trill their wild notes to the evening breeze,
The rustling music of the clashing leaves,
Fanned into harmony by Zephyr's wing:
And when these sounds sink in the sleeping air,
And nature rests to gaze upon the moon,
Who sends her beamy messengers of light
To view this Sylvan and sequestered scene;
The nightingale pours forth her hurrying notes,
And makes the Heavens to list with sweet surprise

The Happy Valley.

1

As at sunset the eye loves to linger and rest,
On the rich golden light beaming soft in the west;
Thus sweetly reposes the eye of my mind
On the beams which the sunset of bliss leaves behind.

2

One year of mixed pleasure and sorrow hath past,
Illumined with sunshine, with clouds over cast,
Since thy roses, Oh! vale of remembrances sweet!
First were plucked by my fingers, or pressed by my feet

3

Yet as freshly thy roses now smile on my eye
As peaceful thy fields, as serene thy blue sky;
Thy brooks run as nimble, and sparkle as clear,
And as sweetly their melody melts in my ear.

The

4

The lights of each morning as bashfully peep
O'er the hills while the vanes of the sea lie asleep,
Sober evening attired in her mantle of grey
Still steps her in shadow, and darkens the day.

5.

All is peacefulness here, — all enlightened by love;
Unruffled the air save by wing of the dove;
Here nature and love are so closely entwined.
That the valley seems consciously tender and kind

Canzon.

When day hath shut his golden eye,
And waved his last locks o'er the sky, —
And when the star of Eve appears,
And shines upon my falling tears, —
I think on thee

My memory's crescent fills as soon
As I behold the pale, full moon;
Ah! then I think of many a night
When I have watched her heavenly flight
Along with thee

Yes when I view her sailing high,
Capricious, in her balcony —
Of fleecy clouds, while here and there,
Like flowers o'er fields, the stars appear
I think on thee

And now when day hath closed his eye,
And waved his last locks o'er the sky —
And when the star of Eve appears
And shines upon my falling tears,
I think on thee

B

Written in a Lady's Album

I kneel not at ambition's shrine:
Let loftier Bards the lone night spend
Bright wreaths of future fame to twine:
Ay — let the pale-cheek'd poet bend
O'er lines full fifty times corrected:
When hushed in holy calm my breath,—
My Rhimes! — Oh! let them be neglected!
It will not move - my soul in death.
No—rather let me write my name
On one of these unspotted pages
That, mounted on the wings of Fame,
Live to a thousand future ages.
It is — who knows? to seek a shade
Man meries profoundest depths of art:
I only wish, when Fame dead,
To live again in Friendship's heart —.

B

Written in the Autumn of 1815

These tears are bitter,— but my fate is so;
My heart-grief is but mirrored by my eye:
I would my head were silvered o'er with snow
of years,— for I am aged in misery

The Autumn-winds that fan my fevered brow,
Sigh not so sadly as my bosom sighs;
The Heavens that weep their coldest-waters now-
Weep not such drops as fall from these full eyes

The yellow leaves, that strew the tawny earth,
Are not less like their freshness in the Spring,
Than are my spirits now, which at my birth
Fluttered as wanton as the sky-lark's wing.

Time's finger hath not fixed the seal of age
Upon my features saddened and depress'd;
Yet Oh! my mind could shew Time's thoughtful page:
Though young in years, Care withers in my breast.

Maria

Pare una Grazia di quattr'anni

Ultime Lettere
di Jacopo Ortis

Gem upon the brow of pleasure!
Ray of pure-eyed Innocence!
Whence this light transparent treasure?
Rather soul than aught of sense!
See its eyes are softly beaming —
Orient pearls of amber light!
Seraphs' eyes have scarce such gleaming;
'Tis — oh 'tis a Spirit's sight!
Mark its glancing airy motion,
Swift as snowy wing of Dove —
Like a star shot down the ocean
From the sky that bends above!
Life just breathed below from Heaven,
(For from Heaven all life first came)
May'st thou never taste more leaven
Than in breast of Abraham! *
But, fair child! thou must inherit
Passions with thy lot of years —

---

* Then liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
God bring with thee when thou comest it not wondrous

Passions that aye war with Spirit —
Lulling Virtue's watchful Fears!
Now thy life is in its morning —
Breaking freshly from the East —
Ruddy light its cheek adorning —
Zephyrs breathing on its breast.
Innocence and love delight thee —
Passion hurries not thy steps:
Oh! may those true friends ne'er slight thee
Honor ne'er thy falling weep!
May those loves that flit about thee, —
Sporting with thy silky hair, —
Ever light thine Eyes! — without thee
Never wing the enamoured air!
May thy soul's unspotted temple
Shrine snow-vested Purity!
Scorn to Earth can never trample
Souls that live in Honor's Eye.
Arm'd thus, Death cannot affright thee;
Glories circling round the heart
Will to worlds of wonder light thee
Death will bear a stingless Dart.
Fare thee well, thou lovely creature!
Web of finest Gossamer!

Sunshine suits thy guileless nature —
Sunshine greets thee every where!
Fare thee well! and mayst thou ever
Sooth, as now, a mother's breast!
Ne'er from thine that bosom sever,
Where thou'rt now so proudly prest

B

June 18. 1816

Oh! what a golden tie is that which binds together the Parent and the Child! It is unstained by vice, untarnished by selfishness, unsullied by vanity for gratitude forms its imperishable basis, & the glow of pure affection polishes & brightens its surface Its links are fastened into the inmost recesses of the heart, & are severed by death only to be more firmly reunited in the mansions of Eternity!

Seneca Thoughts.

On a Female Figure in Mr Haydon's picture of "Christ entering Jerusalem."

1

Her arms are folded meekly on her breast;
Fixed on her Saviour is her soft black eye,
Where woman's tenderness, sweetly expresst,
Is blent with comely low humility.
She seems the very form of piety, —
God's loveliest, loveliest, most beloved creature!
Her bended knee will lift her to the sky;
The modest light informing every feature,
Will shine, like Jesus' head, in her more glorious na

2

Is she the child of fiction or of Truth
Can such a creature bear a human heart?
Can holy wisdom harmonize with youth.
Like that which sheds its beams from every part
Of this fair vision of creative art?
Methinks I hear sad sorrow softly sigh,
(And oh! she forceth Feeling's tear to start!)
"Such one there was: — a seraph now on high
She lives, — nor knows the touch of mortal misery."

B

On a Picture

1

The pictured form, that holds my eye
Till fix'd remembrance give it breath,
Calls up the fondest sweetest sigh —
A sigh serene and hushed as death
And followed by a softer tear
Than e'er hath fallen on Friendship's bier.

2

The lovely features of the face,
The tempered lightning of that glance,
The harmony and nameless grace,
Shed lightly o'er the countenance,
Speak silently within a breast,
Where Angel-Thoughts have gentle rest!

B

Stanzas.

Se stessa affina
La Virtu né travagli, ———
——— limpida è l'onda
Rotta fra' sassi

Metastasio Temistocle

1

In this world's joys I have no part—
I feed upon my inward ~~thought~~.
I've mused, tho' with a saddened heart,
How blessed <u>might have been</u> my lot
In some retired romantic spot,
Endeared by <u>one</u> endearing tie,
Till envious memory hath brought
~~Reflection~~ back with agony

2.

I know not sweet-souled sympathy—
Mine is the sigh of loneliness;
The tear of feeling fills my eye—
It meets my cheek in singleness;
I've none to make my sorrow less—
No bosom I can call my own—
No heart to this lone heart to press—
No love —— alas! I'm all alone!

3.

The dull, dull ways of common life
More irksome each new day I find:
From these new only step to strife,
And all the world is grown unkind;
All feelings of a soul refined
By grief, are trampled on by vice:
Oh! narrow heart — Oh! sordid mind —
Whose impulse is but avarice!

4

This world indeed's too much for me —
My heart is pestled with its cares:
Ah! once I was from sorrow free! —
These eyes were strangers once to tears;
This bosom knew not then the fears,
Heart-sickening Hope and Passion bring:
I dreamed not that so few, few years
Would leave me but remembering.

5.

No chain of sorrows then had bound me
Hope waved her gay, — her jocund wing;
A flood of glory poured around me;
And joys were ever wandering

about

About my heart;— 'twas freshest spring!
Above, clear heaven— flowers at my feet.
All vanished! ah! how vain to cling
To what but were once fair & sweet!

6

It soothes my sadness still to linger
Upon the days of bliss gone by;
As on the harp soft beauty's finger
Prolongs the note that dims the eye:—
There is a charm in memory,
Joy's proper spirit never feels;—
Grief consecrates each single sigh,
Which light of other days reveals.

7

The wave, that's dashed upon the rock,
Retires, tho' broke, more pure, more clear
Thus, tho' the heart break with the shock
That scatters all its hopes in air,
More purely then will fall the tear,
Which sadly bathes affliction's cheek;
Humanity and virtue cheer
The heart that is through sorrow weak.

'Tis true my hopes are blighted all—
Hopes! oh! how dear to this dark breast!
'Tis true, I never can recall
The days which once were brightly drest;
Yet, Yet I am not all unblest;—
One star beams o'er my blasted youth,—
'Twill light pale passion into rest—
My bosoms fast-unshaken truth.

B

A Reflection

The Moon, half-orbed in her own silver light.
Fixed deeply on the Eye of my attention.
She had just risen in an amber-cloud;
One thin black line of darkness streaked her face,
Her pale and melancholy face. — I gazed
With such intenseness of deep admiration,
That when the noiseless silken veil of cloud
Had fallen from her countenance, which shone
Serene and clear, me thought it was my Eye
That looked it quite away. — Oh blest delusion!
Even brighter than the radiant form of Truth!
Thus boldly may I view the gathered clouds
That veil the face of happiness; and fancy,
When the unseen hand of Providence removes,
And sweeps them from my heart, it is my mind,
Whose heavenly-strengthened vision hath dispersed

The

The clouds of black calamity that hung
Across my path; — leaving my soul as calm
As this soft Evening, — when I gazed upon
The Moon half-orbed in her own silver light.

B

A. Character

Strong Memory's eye with extasy inverts
Its vision inward to behold her form,
Which light and lovely as the Gossamer,
Flits o'er my mind, and brightens in the rays
Of glowing fancy. And I see her soul
Now wing in radiant lightning from her eyes,
And laugh in purest mirthfulness of bliss:
Yet tender pity nestles in her breast,
And sheds the dew of feeling o'er her heart.
Her smile is heavenly innocence: and pain,
Which others bear, stands mirrored in her eye,
The crystal fount whence sympathy is shed.
Her soul's as pure as is the morning-breeze,
That visits her fair face; and soft as that,
Which faint, yet fresh, breathes as the setting sun
His golden hair steeps in the yellow tide.

B

To _____

To gaze one moment on thy face,

Thy face so lovely and so fair,

And signs of grief and sorrow trace,

The gentle roses fading there —

Would make the evil heart repent,

And pause ere it could work thee harm

Would make even, Death himself relent

And, pitying, drop his upraised arm.

The Dream

1

Was it a Dream? — Oh! art thou gone
Yet didst thou more than seem to be:
More brightly to my eye it shone,
Than even my very love of thee!

2

I prest thee fondly to my heart —
Thine throbbed with passion silently;
I gazed and said — "we will not part!"
Thy bosom beat responsively.

3

Oh lovely Phantom! stay awhile!
Let but thy Shadow seek these arms: —
Again — once more — that blessed smile!
It beams a thousand, thousand charms.

4.

It is a dream: — I know it now
By this unquietness of breast.
The shade of slumber flies my brow
Yet all is darkness and unrest.

5.

'Tis thus thy presence fills my heart; —
It hovers o'er me in my sleep: —
It smiles so sweet; — "we will not part," —
I say — and then I wake and weep.

6

When Death shall shut this eye for ever
My busy soul will dream of thee;
Oblivion's hand, sweet angel! never
Shall snatch thee from my memory

B

To the Memory of a Sister
on a mourning Ring.

1

Though time hath borne on hurried wing
Some twenty years above my head.
Yet grief hath painted fresh her sting
Since, dear Maria thou wert dead!

2

The tear of childhood damped my cheek,
When death o'er thee his shadow flung;
Now, even my sorrowing thoughts would speak
To tell how deep this heart is wrung.

3

This Ring, which holds ~~thy~~ braided hair, —
Fit emblem of Eternity! —
Records keen sorrow and despair
And stamps thee on my memory.

4

Accept, Oh! dear departed Shade!

Affection's mournful, better token:—

I would grieve the Earth, wherein thou'rt laid

To know — Oh God! — thy heart was — broken!

B

To A. Lady
on coming of age

As when the Sun, new risen doth rest his chin
Upon the pillars of an Eastern hill, —
Yet pauses — bold as He is — ere he sends
His light-filled countenance abroad, melting
The thick dim haze that canopies the Earth:
Pause thus, sweet Friend, upon the Eminence,
To which thy years have risen; — be not in haste
To fling the beams of rosecate gladness forth
From the hot eye of swift anticipation
With fair false hopes intoxicate: — Oh pause!
Nor with the mildest beam of thy mild eye,
Look trustful through the haze of the dim future
The green light freshens o'er the treacherous grass
That nurses adders: — Thus lie lurking dangers
Ambushed in the eye of Sunshine.

Thy Friend who oft hath wanted,
And suffered by the absence of such counsel,
Deceived and played upon by this world's fool,
Whose narrow intellects and pent-up souls
He hath too much despised — This friend, dear lad,
Presumes to press upon thy heart's soft Ear,
Thy unsuspecting gentleness of nature,
These words, severe and painful.

On this day I was glad
Nor dreamed of the dark-skirted sorrow-cloud,
Hanging above my head. — Mayst thou be happier
Thy deserts are greater, thy demerits fewer; —
Thy bosom purer, thy heart more passionless; —
More "winning soft," more "amiably mild;" —
Thou art a soft fair leaf of Woman hood,
Best part of God's creation, in whose temple,
Pillared with the pure sister-light of Heaven,
Virtue hath fixed her earthly dwelling place

Farewell!

May gladness that beams mildly in thy face,
And speaks contentment through thy patient eye,
As Life declines, sink softly in thy bosom:
And may the setting sun of Virtue gild
The clouds that redime thy noiseless parting
From the confined dark sphere that blackens round
This life of Trial, whose only happiness
Is in the temporary flight of sorrow!

B

On an unfortunate Female.

A hollow laugh fell wildly on my ear:—
It was the voice of fear
Without its faltering, and without the sense
Of feeling danger,— cold indifference,
And desperate want of thought,
By reptile sin and sorrow wrought!
And now I caught
A sigh half-stifled, faintly murmuring,
In ghastly whisper mournful as the Vulture's wing
Just settling on its carcase-prey:
Thus o'er fallen virtue breathed this horrid sigh
Despairs deep whispering of misery.—
It was a woman's voice — unknown by day!—
Poor fallen creature! snatched from thy own purity
By passion's, treachery's seducing smile!
I creep to see thee wander through the night,—

I pray to see thy bitterness beguile,
By Mockery, thy destruction! Oh dear God!
Canst thou hold in thy Vengeful hand
nor scathe
The heartless Wretch that on this fair flower trod,
Crushed all its sweetness and defiled its breath!

B

Parting

Sorrow binds up my tongue; - my heart -
My heart - which now is filled with tears
That I with thee, my Love, must part -
Beats less with hopes than sinks with fears.
Thou art too beautiful, too fair,
Too tender, amiably sweet,
For one in whose sad breast of care
High pride and passion darkly meet: -
Yes, thou art all too innocent,
Too pure for Earth to yield to me;
Oh! would that with my heart were blent
The love of Heaven to offer thee!
My heart's lone star! Oh! fare thee well!
And many a worthier love than mine
Affect thee - but no heart can feel
Stronger: - Yet I'll not repine
If one of intellectual worth, -
A heart at once both soft and brave -
A soul of honor, that to Earth
Can never stoop to be a slave; -
If such an one possess thy love,
With solemn joy I'll lift my voice

To honor thee and thine — above
Myself- Ill honor such a choice:
Then with my passion will I cope;
Affection shall my heart subdue
To purest love; and soaring Hope
Shall stoop her wing to honour you.
To me thou art by far more dear
Than my own soul; — thy happiness
Before my own Ill aye prefer —
Thee, thee, my heart shall ever bless.
But shouldst thou glance thy softened eye
On one who cannot value thee —
On one who'd coldly pass thee by,
But for thy Earthly treasury —
On one, whose powerless eyes ne'er roll
One nature, mute, admiring, rapt —
On one whose grosp corporeal soul
From this lower world hath ne'er escaped
Whose praise is interest — prayer is form —
Whose burnished outer shows declining
A cold infatuation, warm
To Eye alone — to heart believing
A canker-worm, that will destroy
The peace so softly resting there;

As blasts will wither flowerets coy,
At Eve unshut, with chilly air:—
If such a love within thy breast
Ill-fated, thou art doomed to cherish,
Nor thou, nor I, can more know rest—
The peace and hope of each must perish:—
With thine my heart will closely twine;
And of my truth be this the token:
When cold neglect hath broken thine,
Mine will not, cannot be unbroken.
Tho' time should never soften thee
To smile my fluttering hopes to rest;
Though adverse Fate ne'er suffer me
To clasp thee to my lonely breast;—
No second love my heart can fill;
No second love my soul will own;
My faithfulness time cannot steal,
For Fate will have me love but one!!!
Now fare thee well, my most Beloved!
May angels' wings age hover o'er thee!
By God, by man, be thou approved!
May Heaven's fair light lie spread before thee!
Ne'er may the cruel world oppress thee!
May thy own breast be peaceable!

May heart-felt happiness possess thee!
Light of my Soul! Farewell – Farewell!

B

[illegible]

There was never perhaps, one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called an angel upon earth than D^r. Blacklock. He was guileless & innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity & penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of benignity. His feelings were all trembling alive to the sense of the sublime the beautiful, the tender, the pious, the virtuous. Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness. Heron

Lionial

"Aimez encore, bien qu'aimer ait déchiré votre Cœur." Mad. de Stael.

Though Hope hath fled my bosom now,
Oh! I have loved you so sincerely,
Some light will yet beam o'er my brow,
If I may love you on as dearly.

2.

My Visions! ah! they were too fair!
They filled my soul with fancied gladness;
They vanished—and my wild despair
Was the heart's sorrow flung to madness.

3

Though time can ne'er remove my grief,
Its violence it yet may soften:
Nay—other sorrows are relief;—
Dull life's pain — I weep more often.

4

The spring, from whence my sorrow flow,
Was kindly, mercifully given,
That love might purify below
My Earthly soul for Scenes Heaven.

5.

Your Image, like your silver star,
Which rivals Cynthia's breast of whiteness,
Sheds its pure beams of light from far,
And is my bosom's only brightness.

6

Dear angel-spirit of my life!
And shall I— can I cease to love you?
No! through this world of care and strife
My sleepless love will watch above you.

7.

And though you cannot be my bride,
Dark Fate forbids not my protection;
This, this will be my sorrows pride,
And sooth my sad heart's lone affection.

8

A brothers love, I proffer now;
If e'er a softer flame you cherish,
Oh! let it from your dear lips flow,
And ne'er for want of utterance perish!

9.

Extinguished now each fonder hope,—
I never can possess you - Never!
But your indulgence serves to slope
Fates path — yet I must love for ever.

10

Oh yes! indeed fair hope hath fled,
Yet I have loved you so sincerely.
Some light across my path it will shed,
If I may love you on so dearly.

B

Reflections.

Written at the commencement of the year 1815.

I have felt a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth

The past years but the Symbol of our life,
Which thus must sink into the greedy-grasp
Of icy Death — Even as the flower that shuts
Its little eye, weighed down with dews of Evening,
And opes its snow-fringed lids to hail the Morn,
Fresh risen, blushing at her own bright charms —
Then wooing every breeze of breathing summer

To kiss its innocent lips, and to inhale
Its sweetness, till the night once more locks up
Its beauties; — Thus laughing in life's sunshine,
And not untouched by Storm, at last it fades,
And shrinks beneath stern winter's angry blast,
And dies: — So springs, and lives, and flourishes,
And by one universal doom decays
Each infant plant that hangs at natures breast,
A subject of her vegetable Kingdom.

The mighty monarch of the woods, the Oak,
Was once an acorn fallen upon the Earth,
As if 'twere sown by chance: But the all-wise God,
As his own lightning shoots athwart the Sky,
Is instant in resolve, and what to us
Seems chance, is willed by his kind Providence,
That casts with outspread wing a friendly Shade
To Shelter man, unthankful man! from Storm.

As mines the eyeless mole beneath the turf
In fancied depth, although the surface near
Almost for anger falls within his cave:
Thus blind in speculation is the school
Of Epicurus, which with madness wild,
Yet heart that palpitates the while with fear,
Teaches that all the Great God's wondrous works
Were not from the Almighty Word struck out,
But offspring of mere chance: Beware oh Rash!
Ye question not God's wisdom, lest his wrath
Escape upon his lightning's fiery wing,
And pour just vengeance on Presumption's head
All spring from God; — and Uniformity
With one connected chain unites all nature.
The Oak and every tree that pays it homage,
Have infancy, maturity, and age,
Till death seal up their veins, and strip their leaves
Strike off their withered boughs, and bare their trunk

So light, as by the watchful eye of Time
It is dispensed to man, flows by that law
Of unity, which moulds the lovely features,
That, flushed with God's omnipotence adorn,
The blushing face of Nature. —

So the sweet breath,
Soft-issuing from the freshened lips of Morning,
Which by the enamoured Noonday is inhaled,
The passion of whose love is fanned by Even,
With grey eyes chastened by the dignity
Of sober Twilight, shedding yet a ray
Of mellowed lustre, ere they close their lids
In the still slumber of the night.

And Time,
A little nook cut from Eternity,
Rolls in this all-wise system. — For the Sun

Both in his annual and diurnal course,
Observes consistent unity: He flings
His morning rays upon the purple cheek
Of smiling Spring, whose blossoms are betrothed
To bright-eyed Summer, and their fruitful offspring
Mature in Autumn, o'er whose golden hair
Cold Winter spreads the silver of his snow.

Thus Life, the staff with which we walk the world,
Moves onward ever by the self-same Law,
That poises this fair Earth, whose shrinking herds
Oppressed by man's proud foot: The Spring of life
Breathes freshness o'er the bloom of Youth, when cheek
By Innocence is dimpled into smiles:
The fruit of human Wisdom is produced
By man's warm Summer: but his Autumn gives
The fullness of Experience, — which alas!
But ripens to be crushed by the chill tread

Of

Of wintry age, who digs mans silent grave-
Gives him to Earth, to darkness, to decay—
And awfully fulfils the appointed End—
The universal destiny of Nature.

My weaker muse now shuts her wing, nor dares
Presume to stretch her flight beyond the bounds
Marked out by Nature for the eager eye
Of Speculation;— lest like that bold youth,
Who with his waxen wings soared near the Sun,
And perished through the scorching rays, I fall
Deep in the abyss of Error, whose dark waves
Break o'er the head perplexed, and fill the mind
With increased doubt.— Forewarned she alights,
Ere she do brink the sightful precipice,
Beneath whose beetling brow, impending o'er
The boundless Ocean of Eternity,
lies, dark-embosomed in the cave of Death,

Mans

Mans Sepulchre; — here unclothed he must sink
Ingulphed in all its horrors, till hope's wing
Revived he feels, when waving o'er his face
It fans him into life, intent to bear
His Soul transported o'er the yeilding waves
To meet God's awful Gaze — By wrath consigned
To dwell in darkness, 'neath the restless surge
Of dread Eternity, — or gently glide
O'er the smooth surface of the silent sea,
Wafted by breath of Love, from the soft lips
Of heavenly mercy — infinite in bliss!

No! let me trace the heavenly mind of man,
Clogged with its Earthly clay; — Scan nomore
Our passions all are wound upon the wheel,
Which circles gradually the beauteous works
Of nature: For they show like flowers,
Whose roots are sunk in Earth, but owe their

Which rosy red blush o'er their bloom, to warmth
of Sun, and airs refreshed by breathing Heaven,
Which when withdrawn into the breast of nature,
They fade and perish; but from their decay
New buds at proper seasons start to life.—
Thus Passions are engendered on the body
By the mind's will (so near is soul allied
To our Corporeal Substance); wintry age
Bows down the head of Passion with his blast—
Death chills the flower of life — it droops to Earth
And sinks — Nor lives again, till Spring
Of fresh Eternity — to bloom for ever.

Friendship and Love
are born and nurtured by that heavenly part,
The Soul — and youth and age alike can feel
That pure affection planted in the heart
Of Sensibility — a Sparkling Gem,
Which, as the Sun, enveloped in a cloud

Flings forth his light and warmth upon the Earth,
Through gentle breasts shines manifest, and throws
Its warm bright beams upon a kindred heart.
But sublunary feelings own the Laws
Of Time — and have a life and death on earth
That they may rise with fresh-plumed wings to heaven
Thus youth can shed a warmth, a life, a lustre,
Even upon Love, which is by age confirmed,
And strengthened to a light more equable —
A Flame attempered ~~not subdued~~ — that Death
May with his all-destructive iron hands
Pinion down time and space, and open wide
The folding doors of that illimitable,
And ever-during bliss, where love & life
Will have no end — where joy will feel no rest
Yet, unfatigued, will every instant find
Fresh springs of happiness to wet the wing
Of pure desire. ——

B

I

To Milton. —

To me, great Milton! Oh! how dear thou art!
How man of lofty thinking! Liberty,
Living light, beamed strongly in thine eye!
Thy soul, sublimed by holiest Thought, could dart
And fetch from Heaven a fire to warm man's heart
With thy own stirring spirit! Memory,
On thy great deeds reflecting, stills her sigh —
Lost in a dream, she almost acts thy part!
Thou hadst the largest mind, exalted man!,
That ever moved, a spirit, on the face
Of troubled waters! — for the deepest place
Beneath the waves, whence truth's pure spring began,
Thy steady eye undauntedly could trace —
By Prejudice untouched, could calmly scan!

B

2

Girt with her silver zone of light, the Moon
Seemed "pale with thought," and moved on silent
And thinly-scattered Stars did stud the Sky,—
All, all was hushed: The air intensely listened
To Ocean's Waves; and as they curled their heads
And breaking, spread their snow-white robes of foam
Upon the silent sands,— methought the Moon
Put forth her beams, brightening with joy to find
So still— so delicate a resting place:
And as a mother greets her infants' smiles
With fonder kisses that it is her own;
Thus shone the Moon enraptured on the form
Of her own tides.— I walked on the sea-shore
My mind reposed with thought upon the Scene

B.

5

After reading Lear

This Tear shows bravely in my filling Eye:
'Tis thine, Oh Shakspeare, — Bard of mighty mind!
Thou teachest me I am not all-unkind,
And that I was not made untenderly.
Thanks for the lesson. Yes, I have a heart,
Which, though it swell with passion, melts with grief:
A Bosom, that hath felt affliction's dart,
Knows the sweet pang of Pity, tears that start
In the unconscious Eye — a shadow brief,
That, like a passing cloud, doth dim the sight,
Which gone! succeeds a mild delicious light,
That eases pain and gives the breast relief.
A Child of Grief, I melt in Pity's arms,
And find her tears a mirror to her charms.

B

6

To the River Syd—
composed after having retired from a large Company

With what delightful feelings of the heart,
Retired from Company's insipid folly,
Whose soul-less joy gives birth to melancholy
Upon reflection's mind — how glad I part
From cheerfulness constrained — and upward dart
Like the brisk lark into the morning sky
Into the day light of my Memory,
Where Feeling's waves roll on unlead by art.
As free they flow to my imagining,
Oh Syd! as thy dear waters murmuring,
When late along thy soft-green banks I strayed
Banquetting my fancy — Laughing Spring
At thy fair feet in mirthfulness had laid
Her violet and primrose carpeting!

B

4

To the same

Oh yes! the picture lives upon my mind
Of that fair freshening Eve, I lonely wandered
Beside thy moaning stream, and mutely pondered,
With inward sense of joy - deep - undefined; -
A feeling silent as the slumbering wind,
Which, by low-breathing breezes told that soul
was not extinct: — so hushed my joy - nay blend -
For some short space my fixed Eye could not roll
Around the Heavenly scene, — Sure Paradise
Did never glow more richly to the Eyes, —
Did never pour into the Enraptured Ear —
Lowlier, softer, sweeter, melodies: ——
The waters music was the Voice of fear, —
That hope-born fear which whispers to the wise.

B

8

To the Same

Oh might my stream of life as sweetly glide
As thine flows on, fair River! mirthfully
Thou prattlest by thy banks, as by the side
Of a fond mother chats her child,— whose eye
Sparkles the while with innocence;— thy tide
Thus smiles at morn with eyes of infancy:—
At noon it may perchance have lost its mirth
And babbles not — yet flows with cheerfulness
Thus God can lead on manhoods happiness
Oh may he mine — unbound by the dull girth
Of misty sorrow that surrounds the Earth,
And hides the sun of Peace:— Dear Lyd I bless
Thy noontide waters — Yet I do not less
Love thy calm Evening and thy morning-bir

10

To a Lady ——
With a Volume of Manuscript Poems.

He wields a Sceptre, who can call around
His standard by the lightning of his glance —
The very motion of his countenance —
His faithful subjects — faithful ever found
By Love, with wreath of roses thou art crowned
My hearts fair Queen — should any ill mischance
Invade thy peaceful bosom, — would advance
My Energies to dash it to the ground.
My subject feelings breathe thy much-loved name
Sensation lives alone in that firm faith,
Which love hath planted in my heart till death
Nay, — dearest Thou and Thought are now the same
Accept these warm Effusions of a heart,
That loves sincerity, but spurneth art.

B

11

To Night.

Dark Night, how welcome to a suffering breast!
Thou, with the firm assurance of a friend,
The truest comfort unto grief dost lend!
Thy silence lists her sad complainings; Rest
(If such be fated to a heart distrest)
Accompanies thy steps; thy form of truth
Dispolves the bright delusive dreams of youth:
To thee alone my heart shall be addrest!
A Life of woe I dedicate to thee!
Thy silence deep the garb of comfort wears!
The secret sorrows of "the o'er-fraught heart",
That hath no language but its gushing Tears,
Are sacred to thee;— thy soft sympathy
Will dull the keen edge of afflictions dart.

B

1844

How calm this hour! how peaceful and how still!
How silently the midnight air doth breathe!
The lamps of heaven burn bright, yet pale; beneath
The arm of sleep reins in the human will
Proud man! how insignificant thy skill!
How weak thy boasted reason! when thy God
In silent darkness gli[de]s his unseen rod
Of power to seal thine eye — thy heart to chill!
This is the hour of Thought. Heart-flowing tears
Have pleasure in deep silentness. — Love
To commune with affection have she wears
Her robe of faithfulness; if touched by years,
And faded with the touch — or Stronger wove
By time — and brightened by afflictions tears

14

Inscription for a Seat.

Here first, a stranger, from this shady height,
Which stands above the woody dell, I viewed
The spreading trees with interlexture rude
Of wild-brier and green-ivy — Here my sight
Rested with silent rapture and delight
Upon the unstudied charms of nature — yes —
It was a moment of calm blissedness
Which Hurry knows not — still as it was bright.
This lonely seat is now a sacred spot —
Sacred to friendship and remembrance sweet —
Affections birth place: for it is my lot
Not for itself to love this lone retreat, —
But for the friends, the dwellers of the Vale; —
Dear Seat of blest remembrances! all-hail!

B.

15

On a Ruin.

Crowned with dark ivy-leaves of glossy green,
The Ruin lives again – it starts from death –
It hath all properties of life – but breath;
It mourns not – it rejoices it hath been,
And loves the happy quiet of the scene,
Now spread around it – and the past
It shrinks not from, as from a cold bleak blast,
But clings to it: a mother doth not wean
With more unwillingness her child, than seem
These Walls' aversion to forget the time,
When a proud structure flourished in its prime
Of Strength and beauty — Is it sorrow's dream
Pondering with pleasantness upon deep Grief
Whose very keenness is in sleep – relief?

B.

I've steeped my spirit in a pleasant dream
Of thinking, while my body was awake;
Abstracted so, no Earthly thing could take
My minds intensenes from itself:— I deem
Such hours as these the holiest of the heart,—
The Sabbaths of the Soul — when Earth and Heaven
Are to our minds in one blest union given,
Like twin-stars shining; and as loth to part.
Oh Moon! I've gazed on thee in such a mood
With breathless silence — till thy silver light
Hath cheered my darker spirit; Even as night
Confesses thy sweet sway, I oft have stood,
And felt the influence of thy soft fair face—
Then prayed that I might run thy heavenly race.
B.

Oh! could the body melt into the mind!
Were Passion's inlets shrunk and shrivelled up!
Then noble hearts could never, never stoop
To base born Temper, sudden and unkind —
The thoughts would breathe as free and unconfined
As God's most gentle light heaven-flowing - swift
As sweeps the swelling of the mountain wind,
Stainless and pure as snow thats newly drift.
Young Love might then without suspicion woo —
His bosom warm with none but angel-fire —
Above deceit — debased not by desire
Of Earth-born bliss — his could not dwell so low.
Thus think I often — and it soothes to think —
And makes me pause, though even on passion's brink.

October 20 1815

B.

21

To the River Avon.

Composed on a walk under St Vincents Rocks, Clifton.

Flow on, sweet Avon! Thy low-murmuring Stream
Of happy waters fills my every sense
With feelings of entire benevolence!
Flow on — and sooth me with the fairy dream
That all around is blessedness — a theme,
Which swells the soul with Gods magnificence.
And now I view thy guardian rocks, from whence
Methinks a thousand heavenly spirits gleam
In sunlight; or keep watch mid silence deep,
While Phobe and the silver Star of night-
Gaze on thy soft waves with their Eyes fair light,
And look as if, like mortals, they could weep
For gladness: — Still flow on, sweet Avon, flow
As patiently, as lingeringly slow.

B

We stood upon the shore, — and heard the winds
And tossing waves in mad contention. — Wildness
With her dishevelled tresses shrieked aloud, —
And vehemently called on pitying heaven
To calm the fever burning in her breast.
The sea raged on in mockery. The clouds, —
So large — so black, — seemed banners of the wind
And waved in bold defiance o'er the scene.
Above the whole towered Grandeur, — and sublime
Imaginations, mixed with feelings deep,
Enlarged our souls. — The light of Rapture broke
In frequent flashes, from our Eyes. Oh God!
In Storm how great, how audible thy Voice!
How sweet its Echo in Still memory's Ear!

25.

At night, Ere I do press my lonely bed,
And shrowd my weary eyes in sleep, I feel
My heart so heavy, as in seeming fled
All animal Spirit; — Meditations steal
Darkly upon my soul, — and set their seal
Of silence on me, thus dispirited.
My thoughts alone inform me that I live:
But, Oh! how dreary, dark, and comfortless
I sit thinking at this season. — 'Tis distress
Of heart; — Sensations sad within me strive; —
Cheerless despair no ray of Hope can give;
My breast is filled with fearful anxiousness: —
I sleep — and rise refreshed. — Thee, Sleep, I bless —
Image of Death, whom I shall thus survive!

B.

× Sleep is the Image and shadow of Death.
Jeremy Taylor.

Every night's bed is a Type of the Grave
Dr Donne.

The early sun was buried in the west—
A winter-eve! The clouds sailed sullenly
And jagged and dusky hung upon the sky
In broken Grandeur. The whole scene impreſt
Sublimity; high thoughts on my lone breast:
I saw above God's ever wakeful Eye
In night's pale orb — Shrowded in Majesty
Mid clouds o'er which she shone sole queen confest
It was an hour of wisest melancholy—
My heart — my soul were wanderers in the heaven;
I could not then have thought a thought of folly;—
My feelings, like the clouds, were now uneven,—
Now soft as infants Eyes, and wildly bright
When the moon shed her calm religious light.

29

To Coleridge

Written in a Blank leaf of "The Friend."

Coleridge! Be still "The Friend" of human-kind!
Thy thoughtful page is like the knitted brow
Of musing intellect, nor will allow
The heedless hand to turn it, swift as wind
Sweeps o'er the mountain-surface:- no- thy mind,
As the wide-watered ocean large, is now
High mid Etherial fields, and now below
Dividing Truth and Error, dark-entwined!
Oh! hadst thou with thy heart, as well as name,
Linked the calm spirit of thy honored friend,
High-minded Wordsworth, (Milton of our day)!
Yet droop not: Thou wilt ne'er unhonored bend
Over the fount of Helicon; thy fame
Will back reflect the many a glorious ray-

31

Written in Jane Reynolds's Album, previously to my going to Oxford — on her Birth Day.

The Moon, fair-rising o'er the brow of night,
Like Thought of the Eternal mind doth move
About the Heavens, as though she never *shone*
With darkness, but *now* her smooth way with might
Of her bright form and eyes of metallic light:
Her rising is the Evening's morn of Love;
Her Noon peers like a silver-winged Dove;
And when she sets, how beautiful to sight!
The light of Friendship thus will ever shine,
Though Separation fling her shades around
The clear blue skies; — The Moon oft shifts her place
That wist men Nature she may show her face
To eyes of true Affection; — Be it mine,
Thy brother-friend, to be as faithful found.

B

London Nov. 6 — 1816.

Friends meeting after long absence are the sweetest flowers in the garden of true affection.

Composed at Oxford.

This is the seat of learning: — Here for ages
The classic Muse hath stooped upon her wing,
Warbling sweet music, as with tongue of Fire,
When, with angelic Choirs, he led fair Spring
Forth with the Morning's blushing maiden Prime;
When Echo through ten thousand spheres did sing,
Where honey-breath, or balm, breathed o'er fair pages,
Which aye with these first sounds are murmuring:
Though this was breathing of a spirit divine,
Which Time knew not, nor knows — nor ancient sage,
Yet now behold her form to Heaven uprear'd!
While christian hands around her temples twine
The wreath of amaranths, which angels wear,
When hymning Allin she spake — and light
appear'd!

B.

Magdalen-Hall Dec. 19/1826.

To my Mother

I, who have loved fair Womankind so much,
Oh! Shall I not love thee, who gav'st me life?
What, though it hath been a perpetual strife
Of cares and crosses, fears and sorrows, — such
As the "hurt mind", though even enforc'd to "clutch",
Doth shrink from, as from midnight murderer's knife
That stirkes into the heart: — such deeds are rife
With robbers; — but they kill not with a touch!
Yet cannot these extinguish my warm love
For thee, my Mother! no; — the feeling's deep
In the heart's fount, — and high as Heaven above,
It knoweth not to intermit or sleep;
With all the soul's sensations it is wove:
And aye this gem of price my heart shall
keep.

B. Dec. 16. 1816

1600

36

To my dearest Maria

Maria! this, thy time of suffering,
And of the heart's strong trial with thee I share.
Let adverse winds blow bleak upon thee — bare
Thy head & heart to scorn's most venomous sting —
Let Fortune pluck her feathers from her wing —
Let winter frost infect the summer air —
Thy virtues will be age what now they are —
To thee, to Thee, — this hand, this heart shall cling.
Oh! weep not then, beloved Sister-Friend! —
Yet thou mayst weep — & I will wipe thy tears
Ere they do start into the vulgar sight:
Affliction hath thee now — but future years
Shall bring the softest, sweetest smiles to light —
Sorrow shall sleep — Love wake — Hope as Friend.

Raritan. Dec. 26 —
1816

1814 In Youth's eternal, fresh unfading charms
Embraces her in his immortal arms ||

October 28th 1814

Stanzas

O break my heart! – poor bankrupts, break at once
Shakespeare

1
Break, break my heart if thou wilt love
Since Love with thee is misery:
Thy warmest vows can others move more
The maid, for whom thou flood'st the eye.

2
Nay often when thy cells are full
Of grief, the very tears wont flow
And sorrow & Despair sit dull
And dry in this dim eye of woe!

3
Oh God Oh! heart why was I born
So fine through every nerve to feel
Since disappointed I must mourn
The sting that follows baffled Zeal?

4
If Love were planted in my breast
Why was my soul denied the treasure
Of waking Love from downy rest
While slumbering on the lap of pleasure

5
Oh could I move with passion's tears
Oh could my sighs with love inspire
Oh! could I fling from youthful years
The bitter grief of vain desire.

Break, break, my heart, for thou wilt love
And Love with thee is misery:
In vain with passion Love I strove
Break, break, my heart & let me die.

Sonnet
Written at Midnight.

Hail Melancholy! Spirit of the Night
Though now thy heaviest cloud enwrapts my soul
Though Life's rude tempests form thy dark breast roll
And all my griefs to man's unpitying sight
Flash forth in one electric stream of light—
Yet will I love thee! Thou art Virtue's goal
A part of Him who formed the mighty whole
Whose mercy lightens form thy bosom bright
Thou art the Ivy twining round my heart
As Evergreen of Sympathy and Love:
And through this Earthly pilgrimage thou art
My truest friend, save the great God above
Spread forth thy kindled wing my mated Dove
When Death unfetters my immortal part.

Stanzas

1

What death pangs through my life-blood dart?
What shakes my frame with trembling fears
What is this heaviness of heart?
Why flow so fast these bitter tears?

2

'Tis Love 'Tis Love, that maddens my brain
'Tis Love that rages through my heart
But oh! I love I plead in vain
Yet hug the poison to my heart.

3

This night the moon shone through my bars
And struck cold on my heart & eyes;
She was beams mocked my bosom's cares
And scarcely listened to my sighs

4

Hail disappointment! hail despair!
With hope let me for ever part
And welcome to my bosom care
Then break thin Bosom break my heart.

Sweet to the wretched is the tombs repose.

Southey

1

The tenderer grass that early springs
With smiling flowers above the tomb
With deeper pangs the bosom wrings
To think upon the inward gloom.

2

Thus o'er my head few years have rolled
Yet flowers of youth but wreath my woe
My grief alas! this heart is old
Reflection shrinks to think how low

3

And every time I draw my breath
A faintly murmurs of Despair
As floats along the barren heath
The solemn breath of midnight air

4

Then why oh Heaven! protract the blow
To strike me from the page of grief
Life's spring is blighted so by woe,
There cannot remain a verdant leaf.

Carrick Club

Thursday. Feb. 26th

Dear Madam

Mrs Dancer has
sorry not to have had
the pleasure of
seeing you on Tuesday
but will be at the
Gallery on Friday
and Saturday morning
from 12 till 1, if
convenient to you to
call then. Yours truly

G. B. Dancer

3

Tuesday. aug 6

Dear Madam

this is the last
best opportunity
and as our time
is so very short
occupied, I am
sure you will
pardon my
answering your
letter on Mrs Barnett's

behalf. I regret
that his and
all subsequent may
have the pleasure
of making him
an offer of
the arrangements
are completed
to all ends
[illegible].

Jo. den Hadden
Gyths
Schoonhoven